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subject it's life and life only
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-by:

Maybe I should have titled this, "The day they told me/Wouldn't you know the sun shined like gold."

I've been deliberating writing this for hours since last night and still don't know how to write this. It's the summer solstice. 28 years ago and I can't remember whether it was yesterday or today The Others broke up on the summer solstice. But that's not what I'm writing about.

Ever since I met you and we started this great long distance friendship I've always felt protective of you and I fully realize you're not that 17 year old kid anymore, but even with that realization, I still want to protect you. It's all (as you know) in "Graduation Day."

Yesterday started out as a beautiful fucking day. I woke up without a migraine (something that happens a lot), was in a pretty good mood. Then the mail came with a notice that the Welfare Department is cutting my food stamps to a point where they're just about useless. It's almost comical. I'll appeal of course but on one level, I'm at the point where why the fuck bother. I just had to reapply for the shit during which again just like last year they lost my application which was hand delivered by me to their fucking office. You have to pay to get out of going through all these things twice.

Then I had an appointment at the eye doctors so I can get a very much needed new pair of glasses since the pair I have (which are 7 years old) are scratched to shit and driving me crazy and might be the reason for some of those headaches. So I go through the exam and my right eye remained the same and my crazy left eye the one that shoots off needed different lenses. So far, so good. Then came the part where they dilate your eyes and see what's going on. So the doctor, a quite cheerful woman says, there's no cataracts, there's no glaucoma, but you are showing signs of macular degeneration, and I want you to see a retina specialist in four months. You must wear sunglasses EVERY time you go outside. So have a seat outside and someone will call you to make the appointment. So I go into the lobby and the guy immediately calls me

and made the appointment. I went outside, the sun was shining like gold. I put on my sunglasses (which I'd brought with me knowing my eyes would be dilated - I took the subway there) and then standing in that golden sun it hit me what had just happened. I'd been stoic, almost impassive up to then. How can I put this and this may sound insane, but I wanted my mother. All the shit I've been through over 50 fucking years, but yesterday was the first time I felt like that.

My friend and one time band mate Danny has a great song called "Working On A Building" that's sort of based on the classic gospel tune of the same name, but his song starts: "I'm working on a building, but it keeps falling down." And right now I feel like that building. I don't know how many times I can get knocked down and find my way up again, starting with the loss of my mom when I was ten. And I keep thinking why the fuck am I alive and if there's a God, then he's keeping me alive for some reason and it can't be the horrible torture I've been going through for the last two and a half years. I was in a car that rolled over several times, survived that with a bunch of bruises. I had every goddamn bone in my face smashed to bits and my lower jaw knocked off and survived that. I have the worst fucking disease you can get that killed innumerable people, but hasn't killed me. And when I was in the hospital almost ten years ago during which you raised my spirits by calling every day and showing how much you cared and I don't know if I told you this, but the first night I was there, alone in that hospital room I was so fucking sick I knew I could die if I just let go, but I held on, and of course the next morning when they saw how sick I was they put me in the stepdown unit which is one step below intensive care.

Right now I'm just looking for reasons to keep going and I don't know how many more times I can get knocked down.

I love you!

Peter Stone Brown <psb51@verizon.net>

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to me

Thanks Mucs. I'm better today, but it was a weekend of deep depression. Hopefully the worst effects are far off in the future. But those two blows (one just idiotic) within a few hours were too much to deal with. I guess I'll know more in October. But what they do in October is they get a baseline so they can measure deterioration, and I guess you go back in a year and then they can tell.

I didn't see that, but I only looked at Wikipedia and maybe one other thing, but hopefully it's early. I'll know in October I guess.

I've needed new glasses for at least two years because mine are scratched to shit. I never go to optometrists, only ophthalmologists because my left eye shoots off and also because they really check out your eyes. Weirdly enough I only needed new lenses for my left eye the one that shoots off which I didn't even think I used, but I guess I do. But what made me finally make an appointment was a couple of weeks ago, the night I met Garnier's brother, while I was driving I was seeing what the eye doctor said are called starbursts. It was probably my fucking scratched lenses combined with dirt and other crap on the windshield, but all the lights from the streetlights on this highway seemed to be streaming down to the ground and into the windshield and it was making me nuts. When I dropped my friend Hogie off, I got out to clean the windshield (as much as I could in the dark at night) and that's when they invited me in. But it was still happening on the way home so once back in Philly from Jersey, I got off the highway an exit early and just drove through the streets.